Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I doe as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse.
Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but euen now disguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did respect her.
Qu. When she shall challenge this you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honour no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forsweare.
King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will and therefore keepe it *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this world: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would wed me, or else die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourably doth vphold his word.
Kin. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.
Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine
you gaue me this: But take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas Comed
Some carry-tale, some please-man,
Some mumble-newes, some trenche
That smiles his cheeke in yeeres, a
To make my Ladie laugh, when sh
Told our intents before: which one
The Ladies did change Fauours, a
Following the signes, woo'd but th
Now to our periurie, to adde more
We are againe forsworne in will an
Much vpon this tis: and might no
Forestall our sport, to make vs thu
Doe you not know my Ladies foot
And laugh vpon the apple of her
And stand betweene her backe sir,
Holding a trencher, iesting merri
You put our Page out: go, you are
Die when you will, a smocke shall
You leere vpon me, doe you? there
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this br
bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight.

Enter Clown

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a
Clo. O Lord sir, they would kn
Whether the three Worthies shall
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is n
Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure
know: I hope sir three times thrice
Ber. Is not nine.
Clow. Vnder correction sir, w
amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I alwayes tooke t

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